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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I SAW THE WORLD GO BY

I saw the world go by:
With crimson banners flying,
And loud bugles crying,
The young world went by.

I saw the world go by:
Footsore and weary,
Banners torn and dreary,
The old world went by.

I saw the world go by—
And laughed to see it going,
And cried to see it going,
And while I watched it going,
The world went by!

SUMMONS

Then, as the summons came,
I felt my name
Roll out in flame
Along the midnight's black and baseless floor.

My life grew hour by hour—
Bud, stalk, and flower:
How slight a thing hath power
On life Time's everlasting light to pour!

Alice Corbin

Yet, for that moment brief,
I was myself; the chief
Actor; Time's thief:
Time that steals all things gilds ere it takes the leaf.

Yet even this went by:
Too late! I could but cry
This was that I
I only came to know when it was time to die!

EPITAPH

Earth, draw thy coverlet over my face,
For I am weary and would rest a space.
I've played at hide-and-seek among thy flowers,
And thou hast kindled me with sun and showers,
Hast fed and held me happy on thy knee,
And like a mother thou hast played with me:
Now I would sink upon thy breast—
Lift up thy coverlet and let me rest.

Alice Corbin